

There begynneth a treatise how the
 hye fader of heuen sendeth sette
 to somon euery creature to
 come and gyue a counte
 of theyr lyues in this
 worlde and is in ma-
 ner of a morall
 playe.







Pray you all gyue your audyence o
 And here this matter with redreede
 By fygure a morall playe
 The comon of euerymman called
 Charaboues pures and chynge
 How transgroppe he all daye
 This matter is wondrous pious
 But the intente of it is more gracypus
 And I wote to here awaye
 This story sayeth man in the begynnyng
 Loke well & take good heed to the chynge
 Be you neuer so gape
 Ye thynke synne in the begynnyng
 Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe
 Whan the body lyeth in claye
 Here shall you se how fela wyllyng
 Bothe strengthe / pleasure and beaulte
 Whylt passe from the as floure in maye
 For ye shall here how our heuen kinge
 Calleth euerymman to a generall rebenynge
 Gyue audyence and here what he wyll saye

God speaketh

I perceyue here in my mallice
 How that all creatures be to me vnynde
 A paynge without brede / in worldely prosperytie
 Of ghosly syght / the people be so blynde
 Drowned in synne / they knowe me not for theye god
 In worldely pethes is all thei mynde
 They fere not my synne / theye knowe not that I am god
 My lawe that I the word / whan I for synne am
 They forgot cleue / the chynge of my synne to be
 I hanged on a tree / it can not be denyed

God

The summe ynge

A. II.

To get them lyfe I suffred to be deed
 I heled theyr fete / with thornes hurt was my heed
 I coude do nomore than I dyde truly
 And now I se the people do cleue forlake me
 They vse the seven deadly synnes dampnable
 As pryde / couetyse / wrath / and lechery
 Now in the worlde be made commendable
 And thus they leue of aungeles & heuently company
 Everyman lyueth so after his owne pleasure
 And yet of theyr lyfe they be not sure
 I se the more that I them forbert
 The worse they are from yere to yere
 All that lyueth appereth false
 Therefore I wyll in all the haste
 Haue a rekenyng of every mannes persone
 For and I leaue the people thus alone
 In theyr lyfe and wyched tempestes
 Vnely they wyll be cumen to the worse than beles
 For now one wolde byenyn another byete
 Charyte they all do cleue forgete
 I hoped well that everyman
 In my gloire shulde make his mansion
 And therto I had them all electe
 But now I se that lyfe traytours delecte
 They thanke me not for the pleasure & I to the mē
 No; yet for they beynge that I them haue leste
 I shewed the people great multitude of mercy
 And fewe there be that askech it hartely
 They be so cumberd with worldly riches
 That they on them I must do iustice
 On everyman I purge without feare
 Where art thou deeth & myghty messengere

Deeth.

Almyghtygod I am here at your wyll
your commaundemente to fulfill

Go thou to eueryman

And shew hym in my name

Appylgrymage / he must on hym take

Which he in no wyse may escape

And that he bynge with hym a sure tekenyng

Without delay or any taryenge

Lorde I wyll in the worlde go tenouer all

And truely out setche bothe great and small

Eueryman I wyll be set that lyueth heely

Out of goddes lawes / and dyedeth not foly

He that loueth ryches I wyll stryke with my dartte

His syght to blynde / and from heuen depart

Excepte that almes dedes be his good frende

In hell for to dwell / worlde without ende

Loo / yonder I se eueryman walkyng

Ill I tell he thynketh on my cummyng

His mynde is on flesshely lustes / and his treasure

And great payne / it shall cause hym to endure

Before the lord heuen kyng

Eueryman / wende styl / whether arte þ goyng

Thus gayly hast thou thy maker forget

Eueryman.

Why askest thou

Woldest thou wet

I yes I wyll shew you

In great hast I am sende to the

From god out of his maiesty

What / sende to me

I ye certaynly

The somonyng.

A. ill.

God.

Deeth.

Deeth.

eueryman

Deeth.

Though thou haue forgete hym here

Be thyngked on the in the heuenly spere

As oꝝ we departe thou shall knowe

every man **What** desyret god of me

Deth. **That** shall I shewe the

A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue

Without lenger respyte

every man **W**hy geue a rekenynge longer layset **I** craue

This blynde mater troubleth my wytte

Deth. **O**n the thou must take a longe Journey

Therefore thy boke of counse to the thou bringe

For turne agayne thou can not by no waye

And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge

For before god shalte thou answere and shewe

Thy many hadde dedes and good but a fewe

How thou hast spede thy lyfe and in what wyse

Before the chiefe lord of paradyse

Haue a do that we were in that waye

For were þ well thou shalte make none attournay

every man **F**ull breedy I am suche rekenynge to geue

I knowe the not what messenger arte thou

Deth. **I** am deth that no man dredeth

For every man I rest and none spareth

For it is goddes commaundement

That all to me sholde be obedyent

every man **O**deth thou comest what I haue lest in mynde

In thy power it lyeth me to saue

yet of my good wyll I geue the yf ye wyll be kynde

ye a thousande pounde shalte thou haue

And dyfferre this mater tyll another daye

Deth. **E**very man it may not be by no waye

I set not by golde syluer noꝝ rychesse

As by pope / emperoure / kynge / duke / ne prynces
 For and I wolde receyue gastes great
 All the worlde I myght gete
 All my custome is cleue contrary
 I gyue the no respyte come hens and not tary
 Alas shall I haue no longer respyte
 I may saye deth geueyth no warnynge
 To thynke on the it maketh my herte secke
 For all byredy is my boke of rekenynge
 But .xii. yere and I myght haue a bydynge
 My countynge boke I wolde make so clere
 That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere
 Wherefore deth I praye the for goddes mercy
 Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy
 The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye
 But hast the lightly that þe were gone þe Iournaye
 And proue thy frendes yf thou can
 For wete you well the tyde abydeyth no man
 And in the worlde eche luyng creature
 For adams synne must dye of nature
 Deth yf I sholde this pylgrymage take
 And my rekenynge surely make
 Shewe me forsaynt charyte
 Sholde I not come agayne shortly
 No eueryman and thou be ones there
 Thou must neuer more come here
 Trust me verily
 O gracious god in hys sete celest pall
 Haue mercy on me in this moost nede
 Shall I haue no company fro this bale terrest pall
 Of myne aqueyntaunce that waye me to lede
 I ye yf ony be so hardy

euery man

Deth.

eueryman

Deth.

eueryman

Deth.

greatest - utmost.

That wolde go with the and bere the company
Hye the that þ were gone to goddes magnyfyens
Thy rekenyng to gyue before his presence
What / weneſt thou thy lyfe is gyuen the
And thy wordely gooddes also

every man
Deth.

I had wende so betely
Nay / it was but lend the
For as ſone as thou arte go
A nother a while ſhall haue it / & than go thet fro
Euen as thou haſt done
Every man thou arte mad / þ haſt thy wyttes ſque
And here on erth / wyll not amende thy lyue
For ſodenly I do come.

every man

Do / wretched caytyfe whether ſhall I flee
That I myght ſcape this endles ſorrow
Now gentyll deth ſpare me tyll to morrow
That I may amende me
With good aduylment.

Deth.

Nay therto I wyll not conſent
No / no man wyll I reſpyte
But to the harte ſodenly I ſhall ſmyte
Without any aduylment
And now out of ſyght I wyll me hye
Se thou make the redy ſhortely
For thou mayſt ſaye this is the day
That no man lyvynge may ſcape awaye

every man

Alas I may well wepe with ſyghes depe
Now hauz I no maner of company
To helpe me in my tourney / & me to kepe
And allo my wyrtynge is full buredy
How ſhall I do now / for to excuſe me
I wolde to god I had neuer be gete

To my soule a great profyte it had be
for now I fere paynes huge and great
The tyme passeth / lorde helpe that all wrought
for though I tounne it auaileth nought
The day passeth / and is almost ago
I wot not well what to do
To whome were I best my complaints to make
What and I to felawshyp therof spake
And shewed hym of this sodayne chaunce
for in hym is all myne affyaunce
We haue in the worlde so many a daye
Be good frendes in spozte and playe
I se hym yonder cartaynely
I truste that he wyll bere me company
Therefore to hym wyll I speke to ease my sorow
Well met god felawshyp and good morowe.

Felawshyp spebeth.

¶ Everyman good morowe by this daye
Syr why lokest thou so pyteously
If any thyng be amys / I pray the me saye
That I may helpe to remedy
¶ Ye good felawshyp ye
I am in greafe leoparde
¶ By true frende / shew to me your myghte
I wyll not forsake the / vnto my lyues ende
In the way of good company
¶ That is well spoken and launghly
¶ Syr I must nedes know your heuyness
I haue pytye to se you in any destresse
If any haue you wronged ye shall reuenged be
Though I on the grounde be slayne for the
Though that I knowe before that I shulde dye

Felawsh.

everyman

Felawsh.

everyman

Felawsh.

every man **E**veryly felashipp grametty
felawe. **E**tul she / be thy thanks **I** set not a **stare**

every man **S**hewe me your grete / and say nomore

every man **E**ye **I** my herte shulde to you bryke
And than you to turne your mynde from me
And wold not me cōfōrte / when you here me speke
Than shulde **I** sent ymes for ye be

felawe. **E**ye **I** say as **I** wyl do in dede

every man **E**than be you a good frende at nede
I haue founde you true here before

felawe. **E**And so ye shall euermore
For in fayth and thou go to hell
I wyl not forsake the by the waye

every man **E**ye speke lyke a good frende / **I** beleue you well
I shal deserue it and **I** maye

felawe. **E****I** speke of no deseruynge / by this daye
For he that wyl saye and nothyng do

Is not worthy with good companye

Therfore shewe me the grete of your mynde

As to your frende / howe louynge and kynde

every man **E****I** shal shewe you how it is

Commaunded **I** am to go a iournaye

A longe waye / herde and dangerous

And gye a staye counce without delaye

Before the hye Judge adouay

Wherfore **I** pray you be my companye

As ye haue promysed in this iournaye

felawe. **E**that is matter in dede / promysed is buyt

But **I** shulde like such a voyage on my waye

I knowe it well / it shal be to my payne

Also it maketh me after to staye

But he shal counceill here as we saye

For your wordes wolde feare a strong man
 ¶ Why / ye sayd yf I had neede **every man**
 ye wolde me neuer forsake / quicke ne deed
 Though it were to hell truely
 ¶ So I sayde certeynly **felawe**
 But suche pleasures be set asyde / the sothe to say
 And also yf we take suche a iouenay
 Whan shulde we come agayne
 ¶ Nay / nyuer agayne / tyll the day of dome **every man**
 ¶ In fayth than wyl not I come there **felawe**
 Who hath you thes tydynes brought
 ¶ In dede deeth was with me here **every man**
 ¶ Now by god that all hath bought **felawe**
 If dethe were the messengere
 For no man that is lyvinge to daye
 I wyl not go that lathelom to way
 Not for the father that begat me
 ¶ I promysed me other howse parde **every man**
 ¶ I wot well I sayd so truely **felawe**
 And yet / yf I myghte etc & dyne & make good chere
 Or haunte to women / that lusty company
 I wolde not forsake you / whyle the daye is here
 Truste me herely
 ¶ Ye therfore wolde be redy **every man**
 To go to mythe / solace / and playe
 Your mynde to folow wyl soner aply
 Than to bere me company in my longe journey
 ¶ Nay in good faythe / I wyl not that doo **felawe**
 But and thou wylte murdre / or anythan harme
 In that I wyl helpe the with a good wyl
 ¶ O that is a symple aduys in dede **every man**
 Gentyl felawe helpe me in my necessity

We haue loued longe and now I nede
 And now gentyll felawshipp remembre me
 fellowe. Whether ye haue loued me or no
 By saynt Iohn I wyll not with the go
 every man. Yet I pray the take the labour & do so moche for
 To byng me forwarde for saynt charyte
 And comforte me tyll I come without the towne
 fellowe. Day and thou wolde gyue me a new gowne
 I wyll not one fote with the goo
 But and þ had tasted I wolde not a left the so
 And as now god spede the in thy iourney
 For from the I wyll departe as fast as I may
 every man. Whether awaye felawshipp / wylt þ forsake me
 fellowe. Ye by my faye / to god I betake the
 every man. Farwell good felawshipp for the my herte is sore
 fellowe. Adewe for I shall neuer se the no more
 every man. In fayth everyman farwell now at the ende
 For you I wyll remembre þ partynge is mournynge
 Blakke shall we thus departe in dede
 Gladly helpe without any more comforte
 No felawshipp forsaketh me in my moste nede
 For helpe in this woyle whether shall I resorte
 felawshipp here befoze with me wolde mery make
 And now lytell sozow for me doeth he take
 It is sayd in prosperite men frendes may fynde
 Whiche in aduersyte be full brynnde
 Now whether for socoure shall I flee
 Syth that felawshipp hath forsaken me
 To my kynnesmen I wyll truely
 Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte
 I beleue that they wyll do soo
 For kynde wyl crepe where it may not go

I wyll go saye / for yender I se them go

Where be ye now my frendes and kynnesmen

Where be we now at your commaundement

Cosyn I praye you shewe vs your intende

In any wyse and do not spare

Eye eueryman and vs to declare

yf ye be dysposed to go any whether

for wot ye well / we wyll lyue & dye to gyther

In welthe & wo / we wyll with you holde

for ouer his kynne a man may be holde

Gea mercy my frendes & kynnesmen kynde

Now shall I shew you the greefe of my mynde

I was commaunded by a messengere

that is an hye kynges chefe offycere

he bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne

But I know well I shall neuer come agayne

Also I must gyue rekenynge strayte

for I haue a great enemy / that hath me in wayte

Whiche intendeth me for to bynde

What a counte is that / whiche ye must rende

that wolde I knowe

Of all my workes I must shewe

how I haue lyued / and my dayes spente

Also of yll dedes / that I haue vsed

In my tyme / syth lyfe was me lente

And of all vertues / that I haue refused

therfore I praye you / go thether with me

to helpe to make myne accounte / for saynt charptle

What to go thether / is that the matter

say eueryman I had leuer fast byed a water

all this fyue yere and more

Alas that eue I was borne

The somonyng.

B. l.

Kynted.

Cosyn.

Kynted.

eueryman.

Kynted.

eueryman

Cosyn.

eueryman

For now shall I neuer be mery
yf that you forsake me

Kynted.

As yf what ye be a mery man
Take good herte to you / and make no mone
But one thyng I warne you / by saynt Anne
As for me / ye shall go alone

every man

Cosyn.

Why cosyn / Wyl you not with me go
As by our lady / I haue the crampe in my fo
Trust not to me / for so god me spede
I wyl deceyue you / in your molte nede

Kynted.

It auayleth not vs to tyle
ye shall haue my mayde / with all my herte
She loueth to go to festes / there to be nyce
And to daunce / and a brode to sterre
I wyl gyue her leue / to helpe you in that furnage
If that you and she may agree

every man

Now shewe me the very effecte of your mynde
Wyl you go with me / or abyde behynde

Kynted.

Abyde behynde / ye that wyl I & I may
Therefore farwell / tyll a nother daye

everyman

How shulde I be mery or gladder
For fayre promyses / men to me do make
But whan I haue molte nede / they me forsake
I am deceyued that maketh me sad

Cosyn.

Cosyn everyman farwell now
For verely I wyl not go with you
Also of my obone / an vncedy rekenyng
I haue to accounte / therefore I make taryenge
Now god kepe the / for now I go

every man

As Iesus is all cume hereto
Loo / fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne
They promyse / & nothyng wyl do certayne

My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
 For to abyde with me stedfastly
 And now fast away do they flee
 Cyn so felawshyp promysed me
 What frende were best me of to proude
 I lose my tyme here longer to abyde
 yet in my mynde a thyng there is
 all my lyfe I haue loued ryches
 If that my good now helpe me / myght
 It wolde make my herte full lyght
 I wyll speke to hym / in this dystresse
 Where arte thou my goodes and ryches.
 Who calleth me (eueryman) what hast þu haste
 I lye here in cornes trusted and pyled so hye
 And in chestes I am locked full fast
 Also sacked in bagges / thou mayst se wth thyn eye
 I cannot stee / in packes lo wth I lye
 what wolde ye haue / lyghtly mesaye
 Come hyther good / in all the hast thou may
 For of counsell I must desyre the
 Syt ye in the worlde haue trouble or aduersyte
 Than can I helpe you / to remedye thortely
 It is a nother dyscase that greuyth me
 In this worlde it is not / I tell soo
 I am sende for another waye to go
 To gyne a strayte accounts generall
 Before the hyghest Suppter of all
 And all my lyfe / I haue had toye & pleasure in the
 Therfore I praye the go with me
 For perauenture thou mayest before god almyghty
 My rekenyng helpe to clene and purghe
 For it is sayd ever amonge

The summenyng

B. II.

Goodes.

euery man

Goodes.

euery man

Goodes.

That money maketh all ryght / that is wronge
I say everyman / I syng a nother songe
I folow no man in furbe byages
for and I wente with the
Thou shuldest fare moche the worse for me
for by cause on me thou dyde set thy mynde
Thy rekenyng I haue made / blotted and blynde
That thyne accounte thou cannot make truely
And that haste thou for the loue of me

everyman

That wolde greue me full sore
Whan I shulde cum to that ferefull answere
Up let vs go thither to gyther

Goodes.

I say not so I am to byttell I may not endure
I wyll folow no man one fore be thou sure

everyman

Alas I haue the loued & had great pleasure
All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure

Goodes.

That is to thy dampnacyō without lesyng
for my loue is contrary / to the loue euerlastyng

everyman

But yf thou had me loued moderately duryng

As to the pooze to gyue parte for me

Than shouldest thou not in this doloure be
Nor in this great sorow and care

everyman

Lo now / I was deceyued or I was ware
And all I may wyte my spendyng of tyme

Goodes.

What wenest thou that I am thyne

everyman

I had wente so

Goodes.

I say everyman I say noo

As for a whyle I was lente the

A season thou haste had me in prosperytie

My condycyons is mannes soule to byll

yf I haue one / a thousande I do spyll

Wenest thou that I wyll folow me the

From this wooldenay bettye yf I had me of one
 I had wende otherwyse I yam and **every man**
 Therefore to thy soule good is a thes **Goodes.**
 For whan thou arte deere this is my guyse
 A nother to deceyue in the same wyse
 As I haue done the / al to his soules **every man**
 O false good cused thou be **Goodes.**
 Thou traytour to god / thou hast deceyued me
 And caught me in thy snare
 O Mary thou broughst thy selfe in care **Goodes.**
 Where of I am gladd / I must nedes laugh / I cannot be sad
 O good thou hast shewen thy love
 I gaue the that whiche thulde be thy love above
 But wilt thou not go with me in dede
 I praye the to be so fayne and swete **Goodes.**
 So so god me speke
 Therefore farewell and haue good daye
 O to whome shall I make my mone **every man**
 For to go with me / in that heuy tourneye
 My first felawshyp / he sayd he wolde with me go
 He wolde not be my besaunte and gaye
 But after word he left me alone
 Than spake I to my kynnyng men all in bespaye
 And also they gaue me wordes fayne
 They lacked no fayne spekinge
 But all forsaake me in the endyng
 Than wente I to my goodes that I loued best
 In hope to haue cumforte / but there had I rest
 For my goodes shapelyd myne toll
 That he byngert many in hell
 Than of my selfe I was a shame

And so I am worthy to be blamed
 Thus may I well my selfe hate
 Of whome I shall I knowe conuict take
 I thinke that I shall neuer speede
 Till that I go to my good dedes
 But alas I am so full of sinne
 That I can nother good nor speede
 yet with my good dedes I am so full
 My good dedes where be you
 Good dede I here I lyte to be
 Thy synnes haue me so fore bounde
 That I cannot do good
 everyman I good dedes I haue so full
 I haue so full of counsell
 For helpe none haue I in my sight
 Good dede Everyman I haue vnderstandynge
 That thou arte somoned a countenance
 Before the iudge of the world
 And you do knowe that four dayes
 everyman Therefore I curre my myght
 I praye to god to helpe me
 Good dede I wolde fyll my myght
 everyman Why is there any thinge
 Good dede I praye to god to helpe me
 yf ye had perfyte the countenance
 Your booke of accounts full redy
 Loke the booke of your myght
 Behold the booke of your myght
 To your good dedes
 everyman Our lord Iesus helpe me
 for one letter herein can I not see
 Good dede There is a blynde man

Good dedes I praye you helpe me to this ende **every man**
Ouels I am for ever damned in dede **Good dede**
Therfore helpe me to make my rekenyng
Before the redemer shall thynge **Good dede**
That thynges and was and ever shall **Good dede**
Everyman I praye you of your fall **Good dede**
And sayne wolde I helpe you **Good dede**
Good dedes your counsell I praye you **every man**
That shall I do verely **Good dede**
Though that on my fete I may not go **every man**
I have a speche that shall with you alwaies **every man**
Called knowledge which shall with you abide **every man**
To helpe you to make that needful rekenyng **every man**
Everyman I praye you go with the and be thy guide **every man**
In thy moste neede to go by thy fynde **every man**
In good condycyon I am now in every thyng **every man**
And am holy contented with this good thyng **every man**
Thank yd be god my creature **every man**
And whan he hath brought the there **every man**
Where thou shalt beale the of thy smarte **every man**
Than go thou with thy rekenyng **every man**
For to make the to fynde of the herte **every man**
Before the blessed **every man**
I praye good dedes I thank the hartfully **every man**
I am well contented certainly **every man**
With your wordes sweete **every man**
Now go me thether lowly **every man**
To confellyon that clensynges quere **every man**
I praye you I wolde be more there **every man**
But I praye you to instructe me by intellectyon **every man**
Whereas wellyth that holy vertue confellyon **every man**
In the boyse of saluacion **every man**

We shall fynde hym in that place
 That shall be comforte by goddes grace
 Loo this is confellion / knele do wone & aske mercy
 For he is in good conceyte with god almyghty
every man O glorious fountayne þ all vncienes both claryfy
 Was he from me the spottes of vyces vnciens
 That on me no syne may be seene
 I cum with knowlege for my redempcyon
 Redempe with herte and full of contricyon
 For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take
 and great accountes befor god to make
 Now I praye you chyste mother of saluacyon
 Helpe my good dedes / for my perous exclamation
Confessyō I know your sorowe well / everyman
 Bycause with knowlege ye cum to me
 I wyll you comforte as well as I can
 And a pcyous Jewell I wyll gyue the
 Called penaunce bovyer of aduersyte
 Therwith shall your body chastysed be
 With abstinence & pfeuerance in goddes scrupes
 Here shall you receyue that scourge of me
 Whiche is penaunce & longe that ye must endure
 To remembre thy sauour was scourged for the
 With sharpe scourges and suffered it patiently
 So must þo; thou scape that paynful pylgrymage
 knowlege hym and kepe hym in this byage
 And by that tyme good dedes wyll be with the
 But in any wyse be sure of mercy
 For your tyme draweth fast / and ye wyll saued be
 In the godd mercy and he wyll graunte truly
 When the scourge of penaunce man doth by bynde
 The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde

Thanked be god for his gracious werke
 for now I wyll my penaunce begynne
 This hath reioysed and I gyf my herte
 Though the knowles be paynfull & harde to thinke
Eueryman your penaunce loke that ye fulfill
 What payne that euer it to you be
 And knowlege wyll gyue you counsell at wyll
 How your accounte ye shall make celer
O eternall god / o heuenly fygure
 O way of ryght wyfenes / o goodly byfyon
 Whiche descended do wne in a byrgyn puce
 By cause he wolde eueryman to redeme
 Whiche Adam forfeyted by his dyfobedynce
 O blessyd godhede electe and hye deuyn
 Forgyue me my greuous offence
 Here I crye the mercy in this presence
 O ghostly treasure / o ransomer & redemer
 Of all the worlde / hope and conductor
 Myrour of ioye / and founder of mercy
 Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby
 Here my clamorous complaynte / though it late be
 Receyue my prayes of thy benygnyte
 Though I be a sinner moste abhomyable
 yet let my name be wyrtten in moyses table
 O mary pray to the maker of all thynges
 O for to helpe at my endynge
 And saue me from the power of my enemy
 for deth assyleth me strongly
 And lady that I may by meane of thy praye
 Of thy sonnes glory to be parte taker
 By the meane of his passyon I it craue
 I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue

every man

spoliation

knowlege

nam ysaia

20

every man

good good

spoliation

nam ysaia

good good

nam ysaia

knowlege knowlege gyue me the scourge of penaunce
 My flesche therewith shall gyue a quyttaunce
knowlege I wyll now begynne yf god gyue me grace
every man Every man / god gyue you tyme and space
 Thus I bequethe you in the hādes of our sauoure
 Thus may you make your rekenyng sure
every man In the name of the holy trynyte
 My body soze punysshed shalbe
 Take this body for the synne of the flesche
 Also thou delytest to go gaye and fresche
 And in waye of dampnacyn þ dyd me bynge
 Therfore suffre now strokes and punysshenge
 Now of penaunce I wyll made the water clere
 To saue me from hell and from the fyre
Good dede I thanke god now I can walke and go
 I am delpyered of my sekenesse and wo
 Therfore with eueryman I wyll go and not space
 His god wothes I wyll helpe hym to declare
knowlege Now eueryman be mery and gladde
 Your good dedes do come ye may not be fadde
 Now is your good dedes hole and sounde
 Goynge byryght vpon the grounde
every man My herte is lyght and shall be euermore
 Now wyll I smyte fast er than I dyd befoze
Good dede Everyman pylgrym my specyall frende
 Bleisyd be thou without ende
 For the is prepared the eternall gloze
 ye haue me made hole and sounde
 Therefore I wyll shyde with the / in euery stonde
every man Welcume my good dedes now I here thy voyce
 I wepe for very sweteness of loue
knowlege Be now more sad but euermore reioyce

God seeth thy lpyunge in his trone about
But on this garment/to thy behoue
Whicke with your teres is now all wete
Lest before god/it be vns wete
Whan you to your iourneyes ende cume shall
Euentyll knowlege / what do ye it call
It is the garmente of sozow
From payne it wyll you bozo
Contrycyon it is
That getteth forgyuenes
It pleasyth god passynge well
Eueryman wyll you were it/for your hele
Now blessyd be Jesu maries sonne
For now haue I on true contrycyon
And let vs go now / without taryenge
Good dedes / haue we clere oure rekenyng
Iye in dede I haue it here
Than I trust we nede not fere
No wfcendes let vs not parte in thwayne
Saue eueryman / that wyll we not certayne
Yet must thou lede with the
Thre persones of great myght
Who shulde they be
Dyscressyon and strengthe they hyght
And thy beautye may not abyde behynd
Also ye must call to mynde
your fyue wyttes / as for your counsellors
you must haue them cedy / at all houres
How shall I get them byther
you must call them all to gyther
And they wyll here you in contynent
My frendes cume byder and beppelent

Beauty. **Dyscreffyon/Strength/my fyue wyttes & beautye**
Good dede. **Here at your wyll we be redy**
Strength. **What wolde ye that we shalde do**
Discreffio **That ye wold with everyman go**
every man **And helpe hym in his pylgrymage**
Strength. **Aduyse you wyll ye with hym or not / in þe wyage**
Discreffio **We wyll bynge hym all tgether**
every man **To his helpe & cumforte / ye may beleue me**
Strength. **So wyll we go with hym all togyther**
Discreffio **Almyghty god / loued may thou be**
every man **I gyue the laude / that I haue hether brought**
Strength. **Strength / dyscreffio / beaute / & fyue wyttes lac**
Discreffio **And my good dedes / with knowlege clere (nought**
every man **All be in company at my wyll here**
Strength. **I desyre no more to my besynes**
Discreffio **And I strength wyll stonde by you in destresse**
every man **Thoughe þe woldest in batayll fyght on þe grounde**
Beauty. **And though it were throughe the worlde rounde**
Good dede. **We wyll not departe for swete nor soure**
Beauty. **No more wyll I vnto vethes houre**
Good dede. **What so euer therof befall**
Discreffio **Everyman aduyse you fyrst of all**
every man **Go with a good aduysment / & delybercyon**
Beauty. **We all gyue you bettres monycyon**
Good dede. **That all shall be well**
Discreffio **My frendes heken what I wyll tell**
every man **I pray god rewarde you in his heuently spere**
Beauty. **Now heken all that be here**
Good dede. **For I wyll make my testament**
Discreffio **Here before you all presente**
every man **In almes half my good I wyll gyue w my handes**
Beauty. **In the wyage of charytye with good entent (treayne**

And the other halfe shill remane
 In quyte to be returned there it ought to be
 This I do in despyte of the fende of hell
 To go quyte out of his patell
 Euer after and this daye.
 Everyman hearken what I saye
 Go to presthode I you aduise **knowledge**
 And receyue of hym in ony wyse
 The holy sacramente / and oymntment to gythe
 Than shortly se ye turne agayne hyde
 We wyll all abyde you here.
 Eue everyman bye you / that ye redymme
 They is no emperour / kynge / duke / ne baron **b. wyttes.**
 That of god hath commysyon
 As hath the best prest in the worlde beynge
 For of the blessed sacramentes pure benynge
 He bereth the keyes wherof hathe he cure
 For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure
 Whiche god for our soules medecyne
 Gaue vs out of his harte with great pynne
 Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me
 The blessed sacramentes seven there be
 Baptym / confymacyon / with presthode good
 And y sacrament of goddys fleshe & bloode
 Marryage the holy extreme unccyon and penaunce
 These. b. be good to haue in remembraunce
 Gracious sacramentes of ope oymntment
 I saye wolde I receyue that holy body **everyman**
 And mekely to my ghosly father I wyll go
 Everyman that is the best that ye can do **b. wyttes.**
 God wyll you to saluacyon brynge
 For good presthode exceedeth all other thynge
 The somonyng. **D. i.**

X hark - so large as - so effectual. See Book 4. d. c. 11, l. 6.

Dyscreffyon/strength/my fyue wyttes & beautye
Beautye. **¶** Here at your wyll we be redy
Good dede. **¶** What wolde ye that we shalde do
Strength. **¶** That ye wold with everyman go
Discreffio **¶** And helpe hym in his pylgrymage
every man **¶** Aduyse you wyll ye with hym or not / in þe wyage
Strength. **¶** We wyll bynge hym all tgether
Discreffio **¶** To his helpe & cumforte / ye may beleue me
every man **¶** So wyll we go with hym all togther
Strength. **¶** Almyghty god / loued may thou be
Discreffio **¶** I gyue the laude / that I haue hether brought
every man **¶** Strength / dyscreffio / beaute / & fyue wyttes lac
Strength. **¶** And my good dedes / with knowlege clere
Discreffio **¶** All be in cumpany at my wyll here
every man **¶** I desyre no more to my besynes
Strength. **¶** And I strength wyll stonde by you in destresse
Discreffio **¶** Thoughe þe woldest in batayll fyght on þe grounde
every man **¶** And though it were throughe the worlde rounde
Strength. **¶** We wyll not departe for swete nor soure
Discreffio **¶** No more wyll I vnto dethe houre
every man **¶** What so euer therof befall
Strength. **¶** Everyman aduyse you fyrst of all
Discreffio **¶** Go with a good aduysment / & delybercyon
every man **¶** We all gyue you bettres monycyon
Strength. **¶** That all shal be well
Discreffio **¶** My frendes heken what I wyll tell
every man **¶** I pray god rewarde you in his heuenty spere
Strength. **¶** Now heken all that be here
Discreffio **¶** For I wyll make my testament
every man **¶** Here befoze you all presente
Strength. **¶** In almes half my good I wyll gyue w my handes
Discreffio **¶** In the waye of charytee both good entenc & trewe

And the other halfe still shall remane
In quyet to be returned there it ought to be
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell
So go quyte out of his parcell
Euer after and this daye.

¶ Everyman herken what I saye
Go to presthode I you aduise
And receyue of hym in ony wyse
The holy sacramente / and oymntment to gythe
Than shortly se ye tene agayne bythe
We wyll all abyde you here.

¶ Ye everyman bye you / that ye redymete
They is no emperour / kynge / duke / ne baron
That of god hath comyssyon

As hath the best prest in the worlde beynge
For of the blessed sacramentes pure & benynge
He bereth the keyes & therof hathe he cure
For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure
Whiche god for our soules medecyne

Gave vs out of his harte with great pyne
Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me
The blessed sacramentes seven there be

Baptym / confirmacyon / with presthode good
And þe sacrament of goddi precious fleshe & blode
Marpage the holy extreme unccyon and penaunce
These. vii. be good to haue in remembraunce

Gracious sacramentes of ope dymyte
¶ I praye wolde I receyue that holy bode

And mekely to my ghosly father I wyll go

¶ Everyman that is the best that ye can do

God wyll you to saluacyon bynge
For good presthode exceedeth all other thynge

The somonyng.

D. i.

knowledge

b. wyttes.

every man

b. wyttes.

To vs holy scrypture they do teche
And conuerteth man from synne heuen to reche
God hath to them more power gyuen
Than to any angell that is in heuen
With. v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesche and bloode to make
And handeleth his maker bytweene his handes
The pryest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
Bothe in erth and in heuen
Thou mynysters all the sacramentes seuen
Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy
Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deadly
No remedy we fynde vnder god
But all onely pryesthode
Euery man god gauz pryest that dygnyte
And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be
Thus be they aboue angelles in degre
Knowlege **If** pryestes be good it is so surely
But whan Iesu henge on y crosse w great smarte
There he gaue out of his blessyd herte
The same sacrament in great tourment
He solde them not to vs that lord omnipotent
Therefore saynt Peter the apostle doth saye
That Iesus curse hath e all they
Which god they sauour do bye o: sell
O: they for any money do take o: tell
Synfull pryestes gyue the synners example bad
They chylozen sytteth by other mēes fyres
And some haunter women's company (ue herde)
With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery
These be with synne made blynde
o. wyttes. **I** trust to god no suche may we fynde

xxx

See Book 4. Lre C. 111, l. 6. C. 14, l. 6.

Therefore let vs praye for his honoure
 And folow the doctrine for our soules socoure
 We be ther shepe and they shepheerdes be
 By whom we all be kepte in suerete
 Deas for yonder I se eueryman come
 Which hath made true satisfaccoon
 Curre thyng it is he in dede
 Now Ihesu cryst be your alder speche
 I haue receyued the sacramente for my redempcyon
 And thou myne extreme unction
 Blessyd be all they that counceyled me to take it
 And now frendes let vs go without longer respyte
 I thanke god that ye haue sayed so longe
 Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde
 And shortly folwe me
 I go before there I wolde be / god be our guyde
 C Everyman we wyll not from you go
 C yll ye haue gone this byage longe
 C I dyscressyon wyll byde by you also
 C And though this pylgrimage be neuer so stronge
 I wyll neuer parte you fro
 C Everyman I wyll be as sure by the
 As euer I dyd by Judas machabe
 C Alas I am so faynt I may not stande
 My lymmes vnder me do folde
 Frendes let vs not turne agayne to this lande
 Not for all the worldes golde
 For into this caue must I crepe
 And turne to the erth & there to slepe
 C What into this graue alas
 C Ye there shall you consume more & lesse
 C And what shulde I smode here

The summonynge

D. ii.

nam yndus

nam yndus

nam yndus

Good dede

eueryman

nam yndus

nam yndus

nam yndus

nam yndus

Strength

Descredd

knowlege

nam yndus

eueryman

nam yndus

nam yndus

nam yndus

nam yndus

Beautye

eueryman

Beautye.

* Peace! for yonder.

every man **E**ye be my fayth and neuer more appere
 In this worlde lyue nomore we shall
 But in heuen before the hyest lord of all
 Beautye. **I** crosse out all this / adewe by saynte **Joh**n
 I take my cap in my lap and am gone
 every man **W**hat beautye whether wyll ye
 Beautye. **A**s I am dese / I loke not behynd me
 Not & thou wolde gyue me all the golde in thy chest
 every man **A**las wherto may I truste
 Beautye goeth fast awaye and from me
 She promysed with me to lyue and dye
 Strength **E**ueryman I wyll the also forlake & denye
 Thy game lyketh me not at all
 every man **W**hy / than ye wyll forlake me all
 Swete strength tary a lytell space
 Strength **A**waye by the rode of grace
 I wyll hye me from the fast
 Though thou wepe tyll thy harte brast
 every man **E**ye wolde euer hyde by me ye sayd
 Strength **E**ye I haue you ferre ynough conuayed
 ye be olde ynough I vnderstande
 your pylgrymage to take on hande
 I repente me that I better came
 every man **S**trength you to dysplease I am to blame
 Wyll you breke promyse / that is dette
 Strength **I**n fayth I care not
 Thou arte but a foole to complayne
 you spende your speche and waste your brayne
 Go thurst the in to the grounde
 every man **I** had wende surer I shulde you haue founde
 He that trusteth in his strength
 She hym deceyeth at the length

Bothe strength and beautye forsaaketh me
 yet they promysed me fayre and lounyngly
Eueryman I wyll after strength begone
 As for me I wyll leue you alone
Why descrellion wyll ye forsake me
Eye in fayth I wyll go from the
 For whan strength goeth before
 I folow after euermore
Eyet I pray the for the loue of the trynitye
 Take in my graue ones pyteously
Say so nye I wyll not cume
 Farewell euerychone
Call thyngs sayleth saue god alone
 Beautye / strength / and descrellion
 For whan deth bloweth his blaste
 They all renne from me full fast
Eueryman of the now my leue I take
 I wyll folow the other for here I the forsake
Alas than may I mayle and wepe
 For I toke you for my best frende
I wyll no lenger the kepe
 Now farwell and there anende
O Jesu helpe all hath forsaken me
Say eueryman I wyll hyde with the
 I wyll not forsake the in dede
 Thou shalte fynde me a god frende at nede
Gramercy good dede now may I true frendes se
 They haue forsaken me euerychone
 I loued them better then my good dedes alone
 Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also
Eye eueryman whan ye to deth be go
 But not yet for no maner of daungere

The somonyng,

D. iii.

Descrellio

euery man

Discrellio

euery man

Descrellio

euery man

b. wyttis

euery man

b. wyttis.

euery man

Good dede

euery man

Knowlege

every man **Knowledge** **every man** **Good dede** **every man** **Good dede** **every man** **Good dede** **every man** **Knowledge**

God mercy knowlege with all my herte
Have yet I wyll not from hens departe
Tyll I se where ye shall become
We thynketh alas that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge and my dettes paye
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye
Take example all ye that this do here or se
How they that I loved best do forsake me
Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truly
All ertly thyng is but vanyte
Beaute strength and discrecyon do man forsake
Folys the frendes and kynnesmen that fayre spake
All fleeth save good dedes and that am I
Have mercy on me god moost myghty
And stande by me thou moder & mayde holy Mary
Ifere not I wyll speke for the
Here I crye god mercy
Shorte oure ende and mynyshe our payne
Let us go and never come agayne
In to thy handes lord my soule I commende
Recyue it lord that it be nat lost
As thou me boughtest so me defende
And save me from the fendes boost
That I may appere with that blessed boost
That shall be saved at the doome
(In manus tuas) of myghtes moost
For ever (commendo spiritum meum)
Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure
The good dedes shall make all sure
Now hath he made endynge
We thynketh that I here angelles synge
And make great joye and melodye

Where euery mannes soule shall receyued be

Cume excellent electe spouse to Iesu

Mungell,

Here aboue thou shalt go

By cause of thy synguler vertue

Now thy soule is taken thy body fro

Thy rekenyng is crytall clere

Now shalt thou into the heuenly spere

Unto the whiche all ye shall cume

That I gueth well / befoze the day of dome.

This memo: yall men / may haue in mynde

Dortoune

ye herers take it of worth olde and yonge

And forsaake myde / for he deceyueth you in p ende

And remembre beautye / fyue wyttes / strength / and

They all at p last / do eueryman forsaake (discreetio)

Saue his good dedes / these dothe he take

But beware / for and they be small

Befoze god / he hath no helpe at all

None excuse may be there / for eueryman

Alas how shall he do than

For after deeth / amendes may no man make

For than mercy and petye doeth hym forsaake

If his rekenyng be not clere / when he do cume

God wyll saye (ite maledicti in ignem eternam)

And he that hath his accounte hole & sounde

Wye in heuen / he shall be crounde

Unto the whiche place / god byynge ys all thether

That we may lyue / body and soule to gyther

Therto helpe the tynnyte

Say ye for saynte charyte.

St. John's

of the church of St. John the Evangelist
in the city of London



St. John's



